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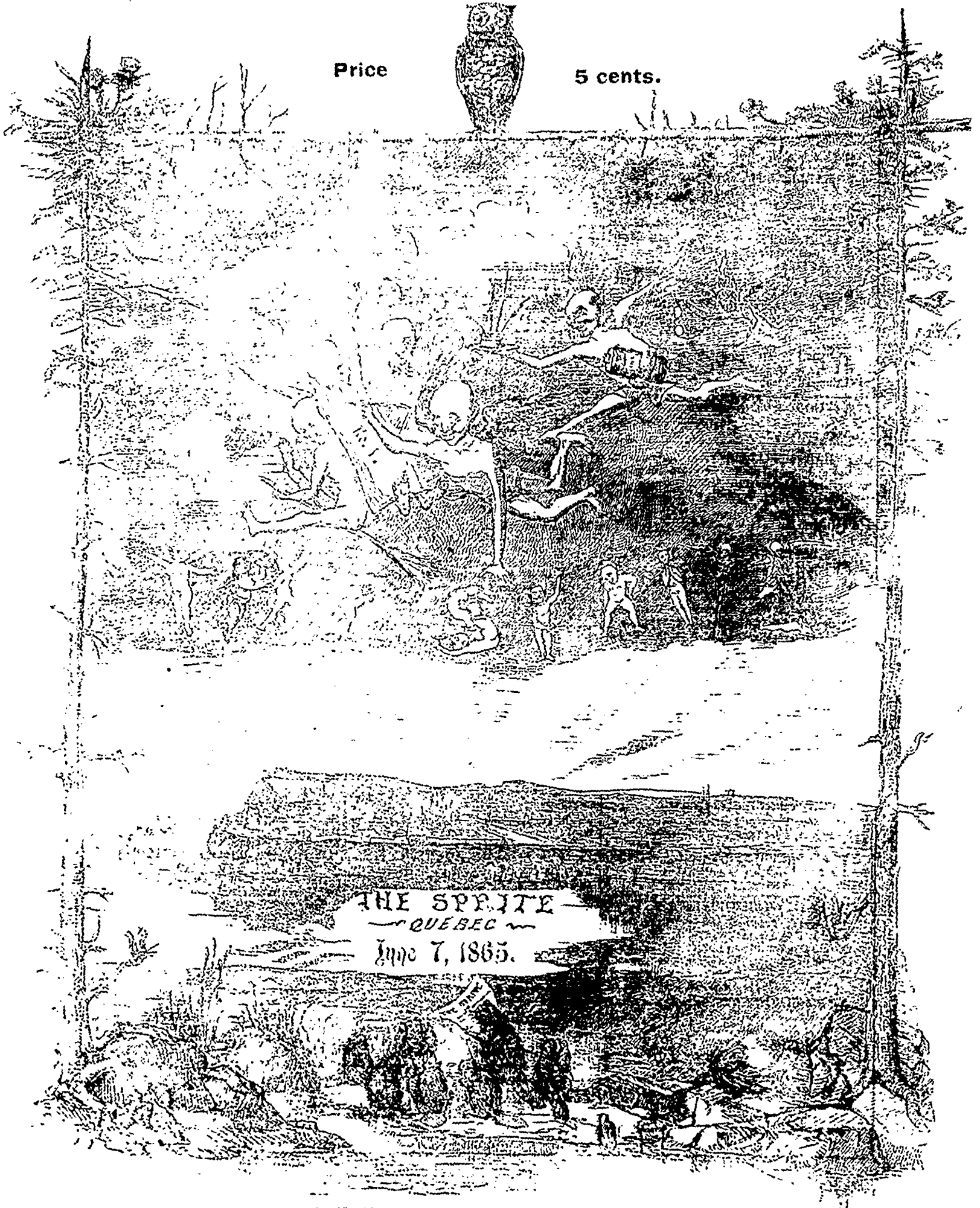
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Bowen's Dentifrice. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Garden and Flower Seeds, Flower Roots in season. J. S. Bowen, 14, Buade Street. 1

“The Sprite” — His Introduction.

TO the fair ladies of Canada, and to that inferior portion of creation denominated men, together making up the conglomerate known as the generous and enlightened public, greeting:
 Permit the *Sprite* to present his compliments, to make his bow, and to consider himself fairly and fully introduced into every circle of polite society.

Put—remarks that same generous and enlightened public, in a tone of doubt and alarm, natural enough to one so often deluded by shams, and so frequently deceived by impostors—Who is the “*Sprite*?”

Thank you, gentle lady—thank you, noble sir, for that same query; it confers a much-coveted opportunity. The *Sprite*, though bold as a lion, is modest and retiring, and would not have ventured to speak of himself had he not been commanded by so goodly a company. Glance then at his portrait, mental and physical. Should it, however, prove but a *silhouette*, ample amends shall be made, for in his works will be found a likeness, full lengthed and full faced, at which a wandering world will gaze and admire.

THE *Sprite* is good looking, of course—spare his blushes—in truth, he may say, beautiful: a very Adonis!—and what is more, he tolerates nothing about him that is not the same. His servants, ministers, and craftsmen are specimens of perfect humanity, and their works are without stain or flaw. The higher departments have exalted occupants. The muses are never absent from his bower; Minerva directs his household affairs; Venus and the Graces do the tittivating; and Juno, and her handmaid Hebe, have the general superintendence of his cellar.

THE *Sprite* is good natured—good natured almost to a fault. He never remembers an injury—to himself—duty impels him to a different course in the case of his clients, the public. He loves his enemies even while he whips them. His constant endeavour is to make universal nature smile; a tear—the genuine pearl of sorrow or of pity—suffuses his own bright eyes and bedews his own fair cheeks.

THE *Sprite* is wise and witty. To say that he is amusing and instructive would be but tame and commonplace, and convey no idea of his prodigious powers. He has all the learning of the ancients at his finger’s ends; his brain is a royal library, in which is stored all that mediæval and modern wisdom has produced. All the big lights of learning are burning brightly there.

Even that recondite, mysterious tome, so little heeded by our public men and biographers, and yecept Lindlay Murray, has a place in the same ample storage. His wit is something incomparable and far above definition. When he smiles, laughter will prevail from the northern to the southern pole, and illumine alike the hut and the palace; and, so minded, not all the steam-fire engines that ever squirted at the moon, nor all the firemen who have made night hideous in New York, could prevent him

from setting the St. Lawrence on fire and treating the divinities of the stream to roast sturgeon in their own oozy Olympia. Moreover, he is a beneficent patron, a Mæcenus of a thousand horse power. His inaugural ordains that wisdom leaves the attic (taking with it the salt) and descends, henceforward to occupy the cheeriest nook of the drawing-room. From this time forward, not a wit in all the land shall dream on a supperless pillow.

THE *Sprite* is liberal and generous. Extremely forbearing to the failings of others—while they are kept in the shade. Tolerant—immensely so—to the opinions of all men, in all respects, whether political, religious, moral, or social; and what he yields to others he claims for himself. But let him not be misunderstood. He advocates and will fight to the last for decency and order, for good manners and gentlemanly usages: without these life would not be tolerable. The *Sprite* does not care to discriminate among political nick-names, but this, he must say, he is not a Democrat. He does not like democracy, and for a very good reason. He adopted the suggestion of the old philosopher and tried the system in his own household, and the result was anything but satisfactory. His wise men quarrelled through the live-long day, and went to bed amidst kicks and cuffs; his wits turned on each other, and scratched and clawed and bit; the muses sulked, and hid each her several charm; Madame Minerva gave him notice to quit; Venus and her department had no time for attention to anything but their own sweet selves; Juno ordered Hebe to lock up the cellar, and, in that imperious mood she can so well assume, commanded the distracted *Sprite* to Dunkinise and sign the pledge. No! no! he doesn’t like democracy. In matters of the purse and pocket the *Sprite* is princely; and what prince so rich as he. He has wealth without limit for those who serve him well. But he has other than these softer qualities.—He is always just, and can be stern; meanness and villainy make him savage. If he detects a scoundrel pandering to the baser instincts, for him his fairy wand becomes a spear, steel-armed, and the wretch shall twirl on it as the beetle twirls on the School boy’s pin. The slanderer of private character, the anonymous assassin, had better not come within his reach; he will place him in a pillory, the like of which has not yet been seen, and from it he shall howl in vain for mercy. But, worst of ail, he who would blacken the fair fame of innocence and beauty. For such the *Sprite* has no quarter: he will whip him round the world till he expires beneath the weight of good men’s contempt. In a word, for the whole black tribe of sneaks and cowards, of libellers and slanderers, the *Sprite* has annihilating thunder in his frown.

Lastly, THE *Sprite* is a Canadian *Sprite*; but British in thought, British in feeling, and will endeavour to be British in expression. He is a lineal descendant of the *Sprites* of Shakspeare and Milton, and Burns and Moore, and he will not discredit his illustrious ancestry. He

loves his American Cousins, their modes and manners, with a consuming affection, but he loves the land of his fathers and her old-world ways a little more; he will here, on British soil, inculcate the one, discourage the other. Above all, he will seek to preserve our mother tongue in all its purity. To those who would Yankeeify our spelling and our style (and there are "quite a number" of barbarians among our public writers who write American English), he gives due notice that further per-

sistence in their misdeeds will bring down condign punishment upon their silly heads. To these and all other malefactors, impostors, cheats and shams, the last words of the *Sprite* are—READ, TREMBLE, AND AMEND!

N. B.—The reign of the admirable Crichton th' day ends and determines. Henceforward the admirable *Sprite* sits on the vacated throne, and dazzles the world with grace and wit and splendour.

THE ROYAL  AMPHITHEATRE.

TAGUE and MACDONALD.....Managers.
G. E. CARTIER and G. BROWN....Stage Managers.
A. J. GALT.....Treasurer.

This popular place of entertainment will be opened for a short season in July, when the Managers intend presenting to their patrons an entirely new programme. They are now in England making certain preparations in order to astonish the people of Canada by the grandeur of their scheme.

It is proposed to produce a new burlesque, entitled "*Popular Opinion*," written expressly for this theatre by Mr. George Brown.

Messrs. A. McKenzie and Cowan will perform their celebrated "*Highland Fling*," showing their agility by throwing themselves across the floor of the House at a sign from Mr. Brown, who will perform on the Pipes.

Should the Management not be enabled to produce "*Confederation*" this season, it is intended to place before their numerous friends an entirely new farce, known as "*Canadian Federation*," which will be substituted for Mr. Macdonald's well-known farce.

Further particulars will be given prior to the opening.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

An Enterprising American.

Sprite was introduced yesterday to a very enterprising American gentleman. He hadn't time to waste in hand-shaking.

"The assassination of President Lincoln must have produced a tremendous sensation in the States."

"What, Sir?"

"I spoke about the assassination of President Lincoln."

"Eh, yes, I remember hearing it talked about some time ago. Didn't affect the price of gold much, I believe. How are oils to-day?"

My Nose.

I boast not of learning, birth, beauty or wit;
Of position nor wealth have I aught to disclose;
Such things for the *Smuts* may be proper and fit,
But I have a nose! O, ye gods! such a nose!

All my pride is this wonderful nose.

As I walk thro' the streets, or the terrace frequent,
Where the lovely and young are parading in rows,
Each sweet mouth is smiling,—I know what is meant;
And I hear in soft whispers, "O, dear! what a nose!"

"'Tis no wonder he's proud of that nose."

E'en if true, as the half-nosed, the beakless declare,
That, tho' so pretentious, there's a goose in my clothes;
That I care not a jot, I am ready to swear;
None would envy the wise if, like mine, they'd a nose!

If they had such a wonderful nose!

The Naughty Boy.

O, Naughty Boy, what mischief you have wrought
In your insensate, pitiful vexation!
High hopes, wise labours, all have come to naught,
For at your feet lies fractured Federation.

Unwise must be the lessons of your school;
Prejudic'd ignorance must there abound;
Short-sightedness be the all-pervading rule;—
Your little world your ev'ry view must bound.

A glorious future vanish'd when your heel
Smash'd up the noble scheme: sure madness rul'd
Your savage onslaught on the public weal;
Or, were you by designing plotters fool'd?

There is a place to which we bid resort
Those plagues of life, the bores, the dull, the lax;
A change is needed,—let us now depart
Wise men and true, to light up Halifax.

Arts in Quebec.

We learn that the Civic Government have been petitioned to remove the ladies from the fountain at the Place d'Armes, owing, it is said, to the fear that strangers might think Quebec morals at a very low standard, when the undressed are exhibited in a manner so public and so unadorned. It is contemplated, however, to replace them by others of a more approved pattern. Three ladies will be there, but they will be arrayed according to the latest fashion; and in order that their clothes may not be spoiled by the rain, and their faces not too rudely exposed, they will be supplied with waterproofs and parasols.

To Ladies.

Brown—(log.) I say Smith, don't you think it dangerous for ladies to wear waterfalls?

SMITH—No, why?

Brown—Why you see they often produce *cataracts*, and what an eyesore that would be.

SMITH (*disgustedly*) M'm!! Mere optical delusion.

Inserted by Mistake—True Genius is Modest.

The most treasured souvenir of Canada, taken to England by the Delegation, was the quill with which our first article was written. After weeks of negotiation, John A. succeeded in obtaining from us the precious plume—but at a price, and on this condition: That a new Bureau be created, to be called the Department for the diffusion of wit and wisdom in British North America—the *Sprite* first and permanent Commissioner. Salary, \$20,000 per annum. A further stipulation was made; that the said quill be presented to *Punch*, as a tribute from his *Sprite*-ly friend and disciple in Canada.



THE NAUGHTY BOY.

Borrowed (for the occasion) from LANDSEER.

New Music.

Mr. R. Morgan has been kind enough to send us several pieces of music, of which the following are specimens.

"Maggee (McGee) by my side," by *Wm. McDougall*.
 "Call me pet names, dearest," (new version as sung by Messrs. *McGee and John S. Macdonald*.)

"WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER," (new) by Messrs. *Galt and Brown*.

"LANGANS BALL," (new version) by the Editor of the Daily News.

"Fatherland," as sung by the "Canadian Family."
 "IF WE HAD BUT FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR," by Messrs. *Darion and Holton*.

"WE'RE A BAND OF BROTHERS," composed and sung by twelve celebrated gentlemen of Canada.

"NO ONE TO LOVE," as sung by *Mr. L. H. Holton*.

"MYSELF," by *J. H. Cameron*, as sung by himself.

A choice selection of (h)airs by Messrs. *Chambers and Ecanturel*.

"Would I were with thee," by the Ministers now in Canada, and dedicated to Messrs. *Macdonald, Galt, Cartier and Brown*.

New Works.

We have received the following new books, &c., from our friend *Holiwell*, they are worthy of perusal by our readers:—

"CONFEDERATION," a farce in several acts, by *John A. Macdonald*.

"THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION," as seen by "*D'Arcy*."

"MY INTERCOURSE WITH NOBILITY," by the Honorable *John Rose*.

"FEDERATION, AS APPLIED TO CANADA," a burlesque, by *Mr. George Brown*.

N. B.—The above is intended as a sequel to "Confederation," but we doubt whether it will be more successful.

"Mr. Howland's Speeches in Parliament," edited by *Mr. H. J. Morgan*.

"Parliamentary Joe Miller," by "*Joc*" *Rymal*.

"Manual of Military Tactics," by *John Scoble, Esquire*.

"Essay on Common Sense," by *Mr. McFarlane*, of Perth.

"Poems," by *James Cowan, Esquire*.

From an absent-minded Contributor.

Dear Mr. *Sprite*,—

Can you tell me what I can do to rid myself of a very embarrassing affliction. I am greatly troubled with absent-mindedness—combined with mild symptoms of Kleptomania. I know you are all-wise, and it is for that reason that I bore you, by relating my misadventures. I am in the constant habit of putting my hands into other people's pockets, under the impression that they are my own. Only yesterday morning having occasion to visit a lady friend, I took up her jockey hat, adorned with Marabout feathers, and wore it home; during my conversation with another Hebe, I took up an ante-macassa, blew my nose with it, and finally carried it away in my pocket. At dinner I often attempt to eat my soup with my fork, and my fish with the soup ladle. Last week, when shaving, I lathered my head instead of my chin, and combed my hair with the tooth-brush. My wife has repeatedly stopped me from wearing her shawl in the streets; and but for her I should have gone to Snuffins' dinner party in the natural garb of a Highlander, which, to say the least of it, would have been anything but becoming. I could give you hundreds of

incidents of the like nature, but it is my disposition to be compassionate—can you suggest a remedy, if you can, you will confer an everlasting boon on

Yours affectionately,

MARY DE MENS.

P. S.—Pon my word, I have actually signed my wife's name without meaning it.

(REMEDY.—(Infallible.)—Plentiful doses of *Sprite*.—*Lid.*)

The Disappointed One.

I was struck with Kitty Whimple,
 And—she was struck with me;
 In her chin she had a dimple,
 And her voice was light and free.

Her eye was bright and sparkling
 As a fire-fly in the dark,
 Like a diamond—tw'as so brilliant:
 On her form—I'll not remark;

But 'twas airy; sylphlike; fairy;
 Swelling softly, and the rest;
 And I roundly vowed that nary
 Man since Adam was so blest.

Kitty Whimple and I buckled
 In the holy bonds of love,
 And in silent glee I chuckled
 As I gazed upon my dove.

So plump she looked and pretty,
 And we started on a tour,
 Myself and my bride Kitty
 With our love so warm and pure.

I know my face was longer
 When we settled down at home,
 When I took to something stronger
 Than the love of wife and home.

I know my nose is reddened
 And my face is purple-blue,
 But I've cause—for love is deaden'd,
 And 'tis too late now to rue.

Kitty Whimple, you have sold me,
 I'm a duped, a cheated man;
 Kitty Whimple! had you told me
 That you were no better than

A Milliner's deception,
 And a subterfuge—I vow
 I'd have cut the whole connection,
 I'd have sought another *vrouw*.

A Beauty stuffed with cotton,
 A scraggy stick without!
 Curs'd the day I cast my lot on
 You cheat of a turn out.

Oh, the hour that undecieved me!
 I'm a broken-hearted man!
 Yes, instead of plump, believe me
 She was—only pad and bran.

And that is why my nose is red
 And why my cheek is blue,
 For I squeeze my bottle without dread
 Of breaking it in two.

It drown's my cares, it cheers me up,
 For in it there's no *chaff*,
 And it's only stuffed with what I sup
 When I drink and try to laugh.

Mr. Baillairgé.

Between the grand (admitting there may be a grandeur in crime) and the contemptible there is a certain analogy and connection which is not without interest to the student of human nature. The world has just been startled by a voice, which rose, as from the grave, to throw a half-light on the mysteries of the road murder, and the psychologists are hard at work investigating the phenomena of the case. An affair has transpired among ourselves, almost equally remarkable *in its way*. Mr. Baillairgé was appointed to superintend the completion of the Government buildings at Ottawa, and, at a noble salary—that of a cabinet minister. We may here remark that we derive our conclusions entirely and solely from data supplied, and published to the world, by Mr. Baillairgé himself. Mr. Baillairgé admits, in the most explicit terms, without even attempting disguise or equivocation, that great wrongs and frauds have been perpetrated by those engaged in the direction of the Ottawa buildings—in the thickness of the walls, the depths of the excavations, the quantities of the materials, &c., &c., and he does not hesitate to brand himself guilty of privy to those most nefarious transactions. At present, however, the only evidence of their existence proceeds from Mr. Baillairgé himself.

But what induced Mr. Baillairgé to connive at these doings? Not, it appears, from the promise of any certain reward or share in the plunder: the motive will be found in the letters of Mr. Baillairgé, and there it is as evident as it is discreditable. But the project failed, and then a long bill of charges (unheard of before in architect's practice) is trumped up against the contractors. It is disputed, and hence the exposé. This case presents many extremely curious features, which we leave, in the first instance, to our mind-measurers. We point but to two—to the enormity of the offence, we hope we may add, its singularity, and to the strange way in which it was to be recompensed. The latter, certainly, wears a sort of Jonathan Wild aspect. We presume the case will ultimately reach either a criminal court or a commission of lunacy.

Some one remarked in the Assembly that the Ottawa buildings had ruined the reputations of a host of politicians. Architects and officials, in swarms, have also gone down before them. In that Denmark there must be something very rotten. Now, be it known to all men, that, from this day forward, by letters patent under his own great seal, the *Sprite* constitutes himself sole architect, superintendent, surveyor and director of these unfortunate buildings, and places every body and every thing under his own immediate surveillance. Governed and guided by such a brick, of course, all will go well. Ottawa, rejoice! your tribulation is ended.

Important to Critics.

We are given to understand by an original and eminent 'Biographer' of this City, that an amusing work on "sibs and fancies in Acadia," is likely to issue shortly from the pen of a celebrated correspondent to a London *daily* Journal. The author, it is said, once published a graphic and interesting volume of nonsense upon British North America, and is highly spoken of, we believe, in unliterary circles.

Note for the Almanack Makers.

The glorious first of June—Earl Howe's victory.—Expunge, and insert,—That ever memorable event, the inception of the *SPRITE*.

The Fusileers and "The Sprite."

We accept the graceful homage of our gallant friends of the 7th. A continuous stream of welcomes and congratulations has poured in upon us from the first and ever-memorable hour which proclaimed the advent of the *Sprite*. But of all these, gratifying as they are, not one so stirs our tenderest feelings and tickles our justifiable pride, as the announcement of the appearance of "*The Illustrious Stranger*" on the boards of the Music Hall, introduced by the brave boys who have played their parts so well on many a memorable arena. This great event will take place to-night, and though far above all comparison, and, in itself an epoch, will not be the only incident of the evening, by many. Of course, every body will be there—we mean every body with a proper soul. He who cannot, or will not, appreciate the *Sprite* and the 7th in conjunction, has none better than the leathery soul of a goose.

Mundane.

Our boy, a *Sprite*-ly little fellow of some thirteen summers, is responsible for the following:—

"Why is Mr. George Brown the most powerful man in the world?" "Because he directs the *Globe*."

Our advice to young Merchants.

In the bright lexicon of youth there should be no such word as *Fail*.—SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM BULWER.

American Intelligence.

President Johnson, having caught Jeff. Davis & Co., intends, so *our* "special" at Washington informs us, to come over to Canada, seize Lord Monck, John A. Macdonald, Mr. Carter, the Montreal Evening *Telegraph*, and others, or permitting certain "rebels and traitors" to live in Canada. He will then proceed to England, capture it and its inhabitants, bring both to America, and place them under a glass case in the Central Park of New York, as a warning to other foreign powers who may dare to dispute his high behests.

Jefferson Davis, Esquire.

In answer to numerous enquiries as to the probable fate of the above named gentleman, we beg to state that the "Bureau of Military *Justice*," have not yet determined what they will prove him guilty of, and, when they do find him guilty, whether they will hang him on a sycamore or a sour apple tree.

Booth.

The journals on the other side at once made Booth a hero. He was beautiful, brave, athletic and accomplished; a veritable Crichton. Depend on it, if Lucifer was to appear on Broadway, there is not a woman of ton in New York who would not wear couleur-de-sulphur nor a man of note who would not wear horns.

Further from the Seat of War.

Will some one of our kind readers, who is acquainted with the American language, give us the meaning of the following, which we clipped from the report of the capture of Richmond. "Most of the editors have fled, especially John Mitchell." See "*Chronicle*," of 6th April.

Don't wear it.

A killing thing in ties—The Hangman's knot.

Query.

Would hail be considered as a nice (an-ice) rain?



MILITARY.

FREDDY—I say Charley, are you going to join the Military School?

CHARLEY—No, I think not; they allow too many children there now.

War News.—(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON.—To Maj. Gen. Dix.—The following was received last night from our gallant troops, who are now picking clean the hind leg of rebellion.

BUNKUMVILLE, APRIL 1ST.—Our glorious troops encountered the rebels, near this place, and after having been completely massacred by overwhelming numbers, routed the enemy, taking 5000 prisoners, mostly horses. The enemy then wheeled their left flank into our right sub-division, thereby causing our 18th corps to vacate the premises, not however, without taking their clothes.—Gen'l. Thingumy's centre section came to the rescue, and we marched into the enemy with right wheels, and caught their open column, right in front, thereby having everything as we desired.

Major Jones, of the New York Blowers, lost one of his boots which exposed a hole in the heel of his stocking to the fire of the enemy.

Gen'l. Thingumy narrowly escaped being struck, with an idea.

The enemy are scattered all over our works.

On the run our troops showed great agility.

(Signed,) A. WHOPPEN, Maj. Genl.

The late appearance of the above is not to be attributed to any dilatoriness on the part of the *Sprite*, but solely to the ridiculously early closing of the war.—*Ed.*

To G. N. Sanders, Esquire.

Why do you not follow the example of your compatriot, C. C. Clay, if you have no knowledge of the kidnapping and assassination plot?—A trial and acquittal would establish your innocence more completely than a thousand letters written to "the People of New York."

To our Eminent Canadians.

We beg to inform those of our eminent Canadians who may feel disappointed in not having their pictures placed in Mr. Notman's collection, that we shall be most happy to publish their portraits (taken by our own artist), and *free of expense*. What can be more generous?

The Delegation.

We believe that the Delegation of Ministers do not intend exhibiting themselves at the Dublin Exhibition as specimens of Canadian politicians.

Old Debts.

The best way to get rid of old debts. Discharge them—
from your memory.

The Road to Prosperity.

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

Our Canadian Greenbacks.

Our Rifle Volunteers, who, we trust, will always be at a premium.

The American Cæsar (Seizer.)

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Personal.

We believe that the Hon. Mr. McGee on his arrival in Ireland was created a *Companion in the Bath*.

The Debate on Confederation.

Several hundred persons have asked our opinion as to who made the best speech on Confederation, in the late debate. We have not the slightest hesitation in giving it, and we record our verdict in favour of the Hon. Mr. Howland, P. M. G.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. P. Q.—No, Andrew Johnson and Andrew Jackson are two separate persons.

VIATOR.—No, neither of the members of the Delegation has been engaged by us to write an account of the mission.

H. P. S.—We have not yet appointed any Agent for the Western Coast of Africa, when we do, your application will be considered.

JUVENIS.—Mr. Russell, of Russell's Hotel, is not, we believe, related to Earl Russell.

BALLYTRAMON.—We have every reason to believe that our respected Governor General is a descendant of the "Monks of old."—We all know what a Jovial Set they were, and how free-hearted in their Hospitality!

DISCIPULA.—We presume that the degrees given by Universities to their Lady Students are "Maid of Arts" and "Mistress of Hearts."

CIVIS.—Your apprehension is groundless. Our municipal masters will receive all the attention they deserve, and, probably, more than they desire.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Advertisers will find *THE SPRITE* one of the most valuable mediums for communicating with the public which exists in the Province. Its circulation will be very large; it will be everywhere read and preserved; which last is of the first importance to advertisers; and it will go amongst every class of society. Our space, in this department, is very limited, and early applications will be necessary. Terms:—For eight lines, or under, 75cts., any increase to be paid in the same proportion.

Subscriptions will be received for the *Sprite* from the rural districts, (\$2.50 per annum,) but, in all cases, they must be paid in advance. Cash or P. O. Orders addressed to Editor, will be duly acknowledged.

We shall be happy to receive contributions; but it is almost needless to remark that they must be of excellent quality, and suitable for a publication of a high order. Respectability is a *sine qua non*. In a short time we shall pay, and liberally, for articles of sterling merit.

All communications to be addressed to the, "Editor of the *Sprite*, Post Office, Quebec." We shall strictly adhere to the rule of rejecting unpaid letters. Books for review, &c., can be left with our publisher, Mr. Howland, Buade Street, (opposite the post office,) Quebec.